

Family Miscellany.

WHY?

By RICHARD STORRS WILLIS.

Twenty millions, held at bay!
Why, Northmen, why?
Less than half million the day!
Why, Northmen, why?
With the sturdy iron will,
With the pluck, the dash, the skill,
With the blood of Bonaparte,
Why, Northmen, why?

Standing yet are Sumter's walls—
Why, Northmen, why?
Slumbering yet the avenging halls!
Why, Northmen, why?
Charles left to scold at ease!
Richmond vaulting as it please!
Traitor taints on every breeze—
Why, Northmen, why?

Hear our wounded eagle wail!
Why, Northmen, why?
Why, Northmen, why?
Why, Northmen, why?
Why, Northmen, why?
Why, Northmen, why?
Why, Northmen, why?
Why, Northmen, why?

By this fierce, but fruitless fight,
On! Leaders, on!
By your valor of loyal might,
On! Leaders, on!
By the blood that soaks the soil,
By the brave that lie like soil,
By the souls gone up to God—
On! Leaders, on!

By our Past, so bright-remembered,
On! Northmen, on!
By our Future, starry-remembered,
On! Northmen, on!
By the South, deceived, misled,
By our hundred thousand dead,
By the South and North have led!
On! Northmen, on!

DECEMBER 1, 1862.

A correspondent sends us the following reply to the above.

BECAUSE.

Northmen, you have little wrought,
Because opposing God.
Strength and riches count for naught,
Because you spurn his word.
False you are, in freedom's fight!
False to mankind's dearest right!
Blind to his cry's warning light!
Because of slavery.

Rebel bulwarks firmly stand,
Because the wrong you shield,
Rebel flags repeat demand,
Because the truth you yield.
Cause this howling down to sin!
Cause this howling down to sin!
Your brave soldiers fail to win,
Because of slavery.

Patriot sires bleed in vain,
Because we are untrue;
Patriot sons are wounded, slain,
Because we sin pursue.
Thus we desert rights away!
Thus we desert rights away!
And our blood and treasure pay—
Because of slavery.

Hence—keep your Declaration—
On your God relying!
Resume your proper station,
Tyrants all defying!
Honor your grand commission!
Honor your high position!
Humbled, distracted nation,
Strike now for Liberty!

Our noble Constitution,
Save, save for every!
Maintain its every section;
Destroy foul slavery!
Freedom will our Union bind!
Freedom alone mankind!
Then peace, sweet peace we'll find—
Union and Liberty!

SONG.

HURRAH FOR THE WINTER KING!

Hurrah, hurrah for the Winter King!
Who means and whistles, and tries to sing
As he steals through the steady hail;
With his hoarse and silvery locks
He marches in, for he never lacks
And writes upon every wall.

Hurrah, hurrah for the Winter King!
Who rides on the storm with lightning wing,
Touching both forest and lake;
Toaching through cottage, castle and hall,
He traces his homeward way
On our window, before we awake.

Hurrah, hurrah for the Winter King!
Who spreads his mantle o'er everything—
Mountain, valley, and plain,
Spreading along, like some troubled ghost,
Down to the sea, and along the coast,
Or venturing out on the main.

Hurrah, hurrah for the Winter King!
Who mingles himself in every spring,
Rivulet, fountain, and fall;
Into mountain and cottage he will peep,
And steal the best kiss from those who sleep,
Who will wake not till the angels call.

—London American.

SUSY'S CHRISTMAS.

"Aunt Kate, tell me a story—please do!"

"O, yes, auntie! a story! a story!" And Willie and Carrie, forgetting the newly-acquired treasures with which the floor was strewn, clung to aunt Kate's skirts, while bright, expectant eyes, and noisy tongues clamored for the "story."

"A story on Christmas day? Who ever heard of such a thing? Why, Carrie, you haven't got the idea of Miss Genevieve, yet, have you? And Willie—"

"But, auntie, you know we've eaten up all our candy, and I can't try my new cakes to-day, because it rains, and—"

"And Genevieve is taking a nap. She got so tired, last night, going all around with Santa Claus, that I've put her to bed," insisted little Carrie.

"And you're sure she won't wake up, till I finish my story?"

"Yes, sure."

"Well, then—now what kind of a story do you want?"

"O, a Christmas story, aunt Kate!" chimed in Willie, who had drawn up a chair, and seated himself as closely to his auntie, as the impenetrable laws of the material universe would allow. "A Christmas story," Carrie thereupon proceeded to climb into Katie's lap, and gaze, with earnest expectancy, into her face.

"Shall I tell you a story about Susy Lester's Christmas, and what she found in her stocking?"

"O, yes! What did she find?" exclaimed Carrie impatiently.

"A wax doll?"

Aunt Kate laughed, and shook her head. "Perhaps she got a little china tea-set?" Carrie ventured again.

"Not right yet, Carrie."

"Skates! skates!" shouted Willie, very confidently.

"No, indeed, Mr. Willie! Try again."

"But why not skates? Girls do skate, you know, I wish Carrie was big enough to skate with me!"

"She got a paper of candies, anyhow, didn't she?" suggested Carrie, doubtfully.

"And didn't her uncle John send her a picture book, all about elephants, and camels, and lions, like mine?" added Willie.

"I'll tell you presently, but I must begin at the right end, if I am going to tell you a story. So be very patient, and I will tell you all about Susy Lester's Christmas. Susy Lester was about eight years old, at the time of our story."

"Just as big as me!" exclaimed Carrie, earnestly.

"No, Carrie. She was your age, but she was a wee bit of a thing, with a pale face, and deep, blue, earnest eyes, that didn't laugh, as yours do, and brown hair, combed back and braided behind her ears. Susy could laugh and play right merrily, sometimes, with other little girls, and then, when the game was all over, the old grave look would come back, and she would wander off, quietly by herself. Susy did not live in a great, handsome house, like this, with parlors, and basements, and play-room, and library, and she didn't have uncles and aunts and cousins, to come and see her, and make her Christmas presents."

"Didn't she have anybody?"

"No one in the wide world, but her father and mother. If she had any relations they never came to see her, and she never heard anything about them. She had no brothers and sisters, and her father—Did you ever see a drunkard, Willie?"

"Yes, I have! There's old Wilkes, goes staggering and swearing along—he's a drunkard. The boys all throw stones at him."

"Wouldn't it be dreadful to have such a man for a father?"

"O, aunt Kate! There don't any little girls' fathers be drunkards, do they?" asked Carrie, anxiously.

"Yes, Carrie; old Wilkes has got five children—one a little baby. A great many little girls have just such fathers. Little Susy's father was a drunkard. He spent all the money he could get, to buy rum; and that kept them so very poor that they had to live in one little, dark, lonesome room, way up ever so many stairs, in a tenement house. Susy's father used to go away, and be gone a long time, but Susy never knew when he came back, for he did not take her on his knee, and tell her stories, nor bring her picture books, nor call her his dear little daughter, and say he was glad to see her. Susy's mother had to work hard, sewing, sewing, day after day, and sometimes late at night, to earn food and clothes for them both."

"Who did Susy have to play with?"

"Sometimes she went to the Public school, and then she could play with the children, at recess; but sometimes in cold weather her mother could not afford to get her new dresses to wear, and then she had to stay at home, and her mother would talk to her, and tell her stories. Sometimes she would try to help her mother; but she was too little to do much. Well, this winter, when it came towards Christmas time, and the toy and confectionery windows began to glisten with all sorts of pretty things, Susy loved to walk along slowly, and look in and admire them. There were a great many pleasant store windows, on the way from her home to the place where her mother had to go for work. Susy knew the streets very well, and so, when she was tired of staying in the house, and her mother could not think of any more stories, she would let Susy take a little walk."

It was the day before Christmas, and a bright, sunny day it was, too. The shop windows were in the height of their glory. Mamma, papas, aunts, uncles, and cousins, were all out shopping, and children clustered about the windows in crowds. Poor, quiet little Susy wandered alone from window to window, perfectly delighted with the glittering array. There were dolls—great ones—as big as real babies—and O, so beautiful! And there were little toy chairs, and sofas, and tea-sets, and all sorts of things! And O, such candies! How bright and beautiful everything looked! What might Christmas be, that it brought such a train of pleasant things to it? But when Susy heard the rosy, laughing boys and girls wondering if papa would get them this, and uncle Charles that, or mamma something else, then she remembered that she had no kind father or uncle to buy her Christmas presents, and that she had no warm, bright, happy home, like theirs.

"Mamma, who is Santa Claus?" she asked, as she sat thoughtfully watching her mother sew, that evening.

"Her mother—well, a very sober, sad smile, as she said—Why, Susy, you do you ask that question?"

"Because I heard some children talking, to-day, about Christmas presents, and wondering what they should get, and one little girl said she wished Santa Claus would get her a new crinoline, with a ruffle. She was such a pretty little girl, mamma, with such red cheeks and black eyes! So I asked her who Santa Claus was, and she laughed, and asked me if I didn't know, and said he was a little old man, that filled the stockings of all good children with Christmas presents. I wonder why he never brings me things! Ain't I a good girl, mamma? I try to be."

"Susy's mother smiled, and sighed too, but she laid down her work and kissed her little girl, and told her that she had been very good; and Susy saw her wipe away tears, and wondered why her mother should cry, when she hadn't been naughty, and what she could have said to grieve her. Mrs. Lester told Susy she might hang up her stocking before she went to bed; so, with a beating heart, she fastened it to a nail, near the stove, and wondered what strange happiness might be in store for her. When Susy had repeated her usual prayer that night she added—"O, God, please tell Santa Claus to come here to-night!"

"Susy slept soundly. When she awoke, it was just beginning to be light. She could faintly discern the outlines of the table and chairs. Then she thought of her stocking, and wondered if it held anything for her. Her mother was sleeping quietly by her side, so she crept softly out of bed, and stole to the nail. There hung the stocking, and—yes!—something in it. What could it be? She felt something like arms and a head. She started. It couldn't be the little old man, himself. The little girl told her he was very small. He couldn't have got into her stocking! But, after all she was afraid, so she retreated, tremblingly, to bed and covered herself all up in the clothes. When it had grown lighter she became more venturesome, and again pro-

ceeded to investigate the contents of her stocking. And now what do you think she found? A real rag-baby, with arms, and legs, and head, and with a calico dress on! There was something else, too; she drew it out—a whole stick of candy!

"Was that all?" exclaimed Carrie, drawing a long breath.

"All? You wouldn't have thought anything else was needed to make Susy happy, if you had seen her, that day. I don't believe any of the little girls that got wax dolls, or crinoline-babies, and pounds of mixed candies, or anything else, was as happy as Susy. She was very eager to know all about the 'little old man,' so Mrs. Lester took her in her lap, and told her the story of Santa Claus all made up for fun, and that little girl's mamma got her presents, and how she was poor and couldn't afford to buy any of those beautiful things in the windows, but she had tried to do the best she could, for her little girl. Susy didn't care, though, for the shop windows, nor anything else. She had a dollie, and she named it 'Marty,' and she rocked it, and sang to it, and talked to it, and dressed and undressed it, and even tried to make it share her candy. She didn't ask her mother for a story that day. And so passed merry Christmas with Susy Lester."

Willie drew a long breath and whistled, and then went to try on his new skates, for the twentieth time; while Carrie proceeded to arouse the dark-eyed, waxen Genevieve, and relate to her the story of Susy's Christmas.

LEUTZ'S NEW PICTURE AT THE CAPITOL.

EMIGRATION TO THE WEST.

A picture always should, and a good one always does, tell its own story; but it is not everybody who can read a tale, be it never so plainly told; while even to those of quickest apprehension and greatest intelligence the translation of a picture's meaning into words certainly does not diminish if it does not add to the pleasure of a first inspection. To others, the gratification of many wishes may be derived from the picture, the following brief description of the picture, and of the purpose of the artist who painted it, has been prepared.

The subject selected for representation—Emigration to the West—may fitly be regarded as one of the chief causes of our national prosperity, and the picture appropriately occupies the panel of the southwestern staircase, as the first of a series of four works of the same class which it is proposed should form the decoration of the panels of the four grand staircases. In the selection of the subject, and of the position which the picture occupies, it will be apparent that a general plan for the interior decoration of the Capitol has been kept in view.

The work should, therefore, be considered with reference to this fact, as well as to another, which hardly be disputed, namely, that all such artistic decorations should be made to subserve the purpose of illustrating the history of our country. The importance of such a history—a book of art whose illuminated pages, bound in the enduring marble of the nation's Capitol, shall forever lie open for the perusal of the generations that are to come after us—may not be easily overestimated. It is obvious, however, that its success must depend upon the adoption of a comprehensive plan for contemporaneous as well as future artistic labor; a plan which, while it should afford to each artist ample scope for the exercise of his individual style, shall, at the same time, prescribe for him bounds in all directions, so that the final result may not be a mere accumulation of works bearing no relation to each other, nor to the structure which they were intended to adorn, but a harmonious combination of efforts covering like rays to the one grand central point.

The effect which the adoption of such a plan, carefully matured and faithfully carried out, would have upon the growth of American art, is easily to be foreseen. That it would soon lead to the formation of a national school of painting, the stimulus which the hope of such encouragement by Government would impart to the artist, and, last, energy and perseverance, is the one thing needed to promote the proper exercise of those faculties which, in the absence of it, must ever of necessity be restricted to the paths of mediocrity, instead of following those which lead to national honor and renown. Great as is the height which our civilization and progress have reached, they have yet to make themselves felt, in the beneficent and refining influence of a national art.

An emigrant party, travel-stained and weary, who for long weeks have toiled on, in the face of formidable difficulties, over the vast plains on the latter side of the Rocky Mountains, have reached, near sundown, the point where the waters down in the direction they themselves are going, and from which they catch the first glimpse of the vast Pacific slope—their land of promise. El Dorado, indeed; for earth and sky and mountain peaks are bathed in the golden glow of the setting sun. On the left of the picture, leagues away in the dim distance, a faint line on the horizon reveals the western ocean; on the right, the eye follows a rolling prairie to the base of the Rocky Mountains—a link in the vast chain which stretches through both Americas. A wagon train labors up the slope, and as it jolts over the rough way, with rocks and gullies and obstructed with, is with difficulty saved from upsetting, by the broad shoulders and strong arms of a party in charge. Above, on the highest point of rock, some of the younger of the western-bound pilgrims are planting the Stars and Stripes. Below, and nearer to the spectator, a frontier farmer and his family are grouped on a broad, flat rock. The suffering mother, having reached, near sundown, the point where the waters down in the direction they themselves are going, and from which they catch the first glimpse of the vast Pacific slope—their land of promise. El Dorado, indeed; for earth and sky and mountain peaks are bathed in the golden glow of the setting sun. On the left of the picture, leagues away in the dim distance, a faint line on the horizon reveals the western ocean; on the right, the eye follows a rolling prairie to the base of the Rocky Mountains—a link in the vast chain which stretches through both Americas. 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